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breast, the transition was too pleasing to require much investigation; and merely contenting himself with the observation, "Mon, mon, but the grass is vara soft!" he commenced picking the thorns out of those parts which his peculiarities of dress left most undefended; and now and then commenting on the chase, of which he had a splendid view through the bushes, in such a manner that even the imminent danger in which I was could scarce enable me to restrain my laughter.

"There they gang," said he—"there they gang, the doited carls, with their guns, and their spits, and their bayonets, and their swords. May they be protected from each other, for there'll be bloodshed among them, if they can't find the croppy to cool themselves on. Eh, sirs, there's corporal Campbell with his kilt in ribands, and his puir hurdies all bloody with the briars. Och, och! but the mon is a fule. Whisht, they have him. No, it's a puir crethur of a yeoman that tumbled through the brake, an' they're pullin' him out. Eh, but he's killed, I'm thinkin'. My certie, if they catch the croppy they'll mak' mince meat ov him. Dear, how that chiel Sawney blows his trumpet, as if he wad never get out ov this place. Mon, mon! how will I get out mysel without breakin' my neck, an' they'll leave me here to the mercy of the cropies?"

The question, however, was quickly solved, for some of the yeomanry still prowling about, unwilling to abandon the pursuit, heard the rustle he made in the endeavour to rise, which was at once answered by a thrust of a bayonet in pike fashion, which wounding a part rather sensitive for such usage, helped the poor Highlander to clear all obstacles with a bound, screaming, "The croppy! the croppy!" at the pitch of his lungs, and at the same instant ten or a dozen yeomen plunged right through after him, to the imminent danger of their lower habiliments.

"Saul o' me," shouted the enraged Highlander, when he perceived his assailants, and foremost among them the weapon which achieved his dishonour, reeking with his blood—"Saul o' me! ye awkward loons, whilk o' ye did that?"

Roars of laughter succeeded his question, and not without cause—there stood the poor man, swelling with rage, and pressing his hand on the wound, from which a slight stream trickled down his thighs, already bracket with the consequences of his former mishap, and stamping and mouthing in a manner certainly not the most awe inspiring. The clamour excited by the incident drew together the retiring parties; and much to my satisfaction, cold iron and hot blood began to be displayed on both sides. At length the commanders and magistrates made their appearance, and after much exertions, and many attempts to appease the wounded serjeant, the tumult was at length got under. After a day spent in fruitless search, during which every cabin and hedge for miles around were examined, the party was at length drawn off, and a fine frosty moon, which soon after rose, aided me to trace them on their departure, until they were utterly beyond fear of returning; then cautiously gathering my cramped limbs from their several hiding-places, I emerged from the concealment, just in time to see the first blaze rise from my pleasant home, on which they now spent their baffled fury. Many regrets occupied me for a few bitter moments; but at length they subsided, at the reflection of how little it mattered to me now, for I had chosen the life of an outlaw.

M'C.

JONATHAN SIMPSON, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

He was possessed of about £5,000, but his expenses were so extravagant, that this large sum was soon exhausted. He then went to the highway, committed a robbery, was apprehended, and would certainly have been hung had not some of his rich relations procured a reprieve. The difficulty of obtaining it may be guessed from the fact, that it arrived at Tyburn just when the rope was about his neck. Such was his obduracy, that when returning to Newgate behind one of the sheriff's men, the latter asked him what he thought of a reprieve when he had come to the gallows. He replied—"No more than I thought of my dying day." When he came to the prison door, the turnkey refused to receive him, saying that he was sent to be executed, and that he was discharged of

him, and would not permit him to enter without a new warrant. Upon which Simpson exclaimed, "What an unhappy cast-off dog am I, that both Tyburn and Newgate should in one day refuse to entertain me! Well, I'll mend my ways for the future, and try whether I can't merit a reception at them both, next time I am brought thither." He immediately recommenced his operations, and one day robbed a gentleman of a purse full of counters, which he supposed were gold. He kept them in his pockets, always anxiously looking out for his benefactor. About four months after he met him on Bagshot Heath, riding in his coach. "Sir," said he, "I believe you made a mistake the last time I had the happiness of seeing you, in giving those pieces. I have been troubled ever since, lest you should have wanted them at cards, and am glad of this opportunity to return them; only, for my care, I require you to come at this moment out of your coach, and give me your breeches, that I may search them at leisure, and not trust any more to your generosity, lest you should mistake again." A pistol enforced his demand, and Simpson found a gold watch, a gold snuff box, and ninety-eight guineas, with five jacobuses. At another time he robbed Lord Delamore of three hundred and fifty guineas. He was almost unequalled in his depredations; in one day he robbed nineteen people, and took above two hundred pounds; and in the space of six weeks, committed forty robberies in the County of Middlesex. He even ventured to attack the Duke of Berwick, and took from him articles to a very great value. But wickedness has a boundary over which it cannot pass. Simpson attacked two captains of the Guards; a desperate struggle ensued, his horse was shot under him, and he was wounded in both arms and one of his legs before he was taken. He was sent to Newgate, and now found that he was not refused entrance; and he soon also discovered that Tyburn was equally ready to receive him. He was executed on the 8th of September, 1686.—*Whitehead's Lives of Highwaymen, &c.*

OH, CAN YOU LEAVE YOUR NATIVE LAND?

Oh, can you leave your native land,
An exile's bride to be—
Your mother's home and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the main with me—
Across the wide Atlantic
To trace our foaming track,
And know the wave that heaves us on,
Will never bear us back?

And can you in Canadian woods
With me the harvest bind,
Nor feel one ling'ring sad regret
For all you leave behind?
Can lily hands, unused to toil,
The woodman's wants supply—
Nor shrink beneath the chilly blast,
When wintry storms are nigh?

Amid the shade of forests dark,
Thy loved isle will appear
An Eden, whose delicious bloom
Will make the wild more drear.
And you in solitude may weep
O'er scenes beloved in vain,
And pine away your soul to view,
Once more your native plain.

Then pause, dear girl, ere those sweet lips
Your wanderer's fate decide:
My spirit spurns the selfish wish—
Thou shalt not be my bride!
But, oh! that smile—those tearful eyes
My firmer purpose move;
Our hearts are one—and we will dare
All perils, thus to love!

Dublin: Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Guest, 91, Steelhouse-lane; in Glasgow, by John Macleod; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.